

# BLUE GRASS

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*Charles Moore*  
Editor

Kind Words from the Southern Journal.

The foregoing tells that we are to have some Moore good Prohibition agitation. We are glad to see the Blue Grass Blade at work cutting such a wide swath among the inconstant voters. Moore knows how to write and should be supported in the work. There is a wide field in Kentucky for Prohibition papers. 1,800,000 population should support 372 Prohibition papers.

The idea of our suspending the Journal is one Moore joke. Moore should try to tone down somewhat, like we have, not because we say so, but because it will aid him in the work. Good Prohibitionists will read the Blade any way, but there is a class that we want to reach with Prohibition logic that will not read either one of our ranting sheets, but it took us some time to learn it. A man with strong convictions and a knowledge of the righteousness of his cause, is liable not to see his fault. Experience has been a good teacher for us, and we give this advice gratis to Brother Moore—Southern Journal.

The above is in response to a squib in which I professed to be jealous of the prosperity of the Southern Journal.

It is evidently kindly intended, and may be good advice; and the Journal seems to be prospering under its new policy, and I am glad it is.

But as for myself, I abominate the word compromise expediency policy. I do not believe in temporizing.

Whenever I am convinced that "unwieldy in mode" is for the ultimate good of the Prohibition cause, you will find in me all the distinguished docility of "Mary's lamb." For I am the fellow that can do it. But as long as I understand it as I now do I am going to throw rocks and brick-bats instead of "turf," at that liquor traffic boy in my apple tree.

I haven't studied away over in the back part of the "blue back spelling book" all for nothing. Let Bro. Sawyer lead and I will get behind and drive, and may be between us we'll get there with the mule.

**Prof. J. J. Rucker Tries to Harmonize the Discord made by the Voice's "Ungodly League"**  
Editorial.

On the night of November 9 in the Christian church in Georgetown, I heard Prof. Rucker make, to a good audience, a Prohibition speech that I am willing to pay \$5.00 toward having him deliver over this state, at any time he can do it, before the Presidential election in '92.

The main and almost only feature of the argument, is what has been officially said in favor of Prohibition by twenty-six religious denominations in the United States; by the Court of Appeals of the state of Kentucky; by Governor Leslie, of Kentucky, and by a Congressional Committee appointed to report upon the effects of the liquor traffic in the United States.

This is the committee whose report to Congress was defeated by Col. Breckinridge of this state, though Prof. Rucker did not allude to the fact in his speech.

The Professor attempts a harmony of the discord among Prohibitionists that has been occasioned by the editorials of the New York Voice, that charge the churches with the responsibility. The Professor acquiesces, or fails to acquit, the churches of this indictment, according as we regard the official actions of their members as constituting the sentiments of the churches.

If what the churches in their official capacity have said constitutes the position of the churches on the liquor traffic, then twenty-six religious denominations of the United States embracing all that are generally known, are in favor of a suspension of the liquor traffic.

If however, the way four-fifths of the members of these churches have voted constitutes the voice of the churches, then these churches, or the church, if we regard it in its collective capacity, is just as certainly a "bulwark of the liquor traffic," as the Voice said it was, as that the Democratic party of Kentucky is such a "bulwark."

If we discard technicality, and talk in the current terminology of the day, I do not think that the Professor exonerates the church from the charge of the Voice.

The leading officials of Breathitt county in this state, may be in favor of law and order, but if it be true that there are so many of the citizens of that county that are opposed to these officials in their attempts to sustain the law that the officers can not control them, then it is fair to speak of Breathitt county, as a lawless county, though it may have as good laws and as good officers as any county in the state.

Even though the Court of Appeals of the state of Kentucky, and the Governor of the state of Kentucky have expressed themselves as being against the liquor traffic, the state is justly said to be in favor of the liquor traffic as long as it votes against Prohibition as it does.

This attempted harmony of the issue as to the church's responsibility for the liquor traffic, is meant, by Prof. Rucker, for the good of the Prohibition party, but in the current acceptance of language upon such points, the church is at least a "bulwark of the liquor traffic."

**A Part of a Letter From a "Chap of the old Block."**

UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE, KNOXVILLE, Sept. 17, 1891.  
MY DEAR FATHER—Mama wrote me a letter to-day saying you were going to suspend the Blade.

Of course I am very sorry but I suspect it is best, as the excitement is more than you and Mama ought to stand.

I am very sorry that you have made enemies, but I shall never regret a single issue of the paper. The Blade was not at fault. It was the cowardly set of people who could not stand to have the truth told about them.

You have fought a good fight and have done your part toward the advancement of humanity. What greater thing could you have done?

The friends you have now are true ones. Those you have lost were not worth having.

If I live long enough I believe I will be highly respected on account of my father.

I am not frightened by anybody attempting to assault you; for those people know you too well. But if you don't quit pretending to be, you may look for me up in Kentucky before long.

I think that piece in the Leader was about as absurd as an article could be.

Such pieces will not amount to anything. Please do keep out of public life after this. You will find the farm just as interesting if you don't work too hard.

This is a part of a letter from my son, that I have just come across in a package of unanswered correspondence.

I have to do so much newspaper writing that I am a poor private correspondent.

I am proud of my son, and no letter that I have gotten encouraged me so much as that one. He would not have written without marking it "confidential," if he had not thought the Blade had permanently suspended.

I publish it because it tells an interesting tale. Doesn't it seem strange that in this land of Universities and colleges and churches a son would have to cheer his father for the discouragements he meets in trying to stop so flagrant a crime as that against which the Blade is working?

If to have a son who can consistently talk like that is so great a source of happiness to me, what must be the misery of the father of one of these young men whose faces show them to be debauched by liquor?

Somebody may say I am bragging too soon on my son but he is twenty-one years old and has never yet tasted liquor or tobacco, and I am not afraid.

The misery of parents with drunken sons and the happiness of parents with dutiful sons equally appeal to good men to do all they can to put down this awful crime of the liquor traffic, but even men who are good in other respects seem to be blinded as by some infatuation when it comes to this greatest of all sins, the liquor traffic.

Just as long as my son abstains from the first drink of liquor I will have absolutely no fear that he may bring sorrow upon the gray hairs of my old age, but as soon as I hear he has taken his first drink, a shaft will go into my heart that will quiver there as long as I live.

I would not have him deliberately to take that first drink, even of wine at a social entertainment from a beautiful and sweet girl, for \$100,000.

In looking over the batch of letters in which I find one from my son I find one from a gentleman which, near the end contains these words. "It is quite incomprehensible that so many people can complacently look on this great evil until the chickens come home to roost." But when their own domestic hearth is invaded by the arch enemy, then comes the wail of distress.

That is so, and you would think that it would make them try to save somebody else's boy; but it does not have that effect.

In that same package of letters, there is a short one from a gentleman who sent me \$2.00 for my paper, and says he enjoys much in it, and then he makes that same patronizing apology for my religion that so many of them do.

Now let me tell you about that man. I regard him and his family as one of the loveliest families of people I ever saw. When I was a young man they used to hear me preach and were my devoted friends and are all such to this day.

They are all the most sincerely religious people. When I was a young preacher that gentleman was a grocer, and I noticed him one day selling whisky. As soon as I could conveniently do so I asked him if he did not think it was wrong to sell whisky.

He laughed and said "No, that was a part of the grocery trade, and my customers called for it."

I know you will hardly believe me when I tell you so, but I had been reared eight miles away from any town, and knew so little about practical life in the world that when he told me that, I thought may be the law compelled every grocer to keep whisky; and I never said anything more to him about it, though I thought a great deal about it and it seemed to me a strange arrangement that a Christian man would have to sell whisky.

He had two little boys, so small that I could hold both of them at once on my knees.

Soon after that we were separated and I have only seen one of the sons to this day. They both grew up to be drunkards. One suicided and I saw the other one last summer. He was a model man, and was a worker and voter for Prohibition, and was glad to see me, and said much to encourage me in my work. His father still votes for whisky by voting with the Democrats.

He does not vote with the Democrats because he wants free trade. His business is not affected by that. He votes with the Democrats and for whisky because he hates the Yankees for what they did in the war more than a quarter of a century ago. I hate the Yankees too, but I turned "infidel," and voted for Fisk a Yankee General who was a Christian and philanthropist, for President of the United States, at the same time my Christian friend voted for old Grover Cleveland, whose friends did not deny that he was a libertine, and who had studied himself with eatables and drinkables, and is so swollen up about the jowls and neck that he looks like the proprietor of a Dutch beer saloon and Bob Ingersoll says of him that he does not have to unbutton his collar when he pulls off his shirt.

In the last day or two I have received a postal card from a Christian gentleman who had been my friend for years. The card was severe.

Whisky had invaded a lovely family and wrought fearful ruin. The family are friends of the gentleman who wrote the card and of myself.

I said in the Blade that every friend of that ruined man, who had voted against Prohibition last August was responsible for the ruin of our friend. I gave no names, but this indignant card comes from one of the Christian friends of this unhappy man.

Only one day since a man met me on the streets of Lexington. I did not know him, but he told me his name.

He said to me that a few days before that he had had a very hot conversation with some gentlemen about me, in which he was defending me. He gave the names of the gentlemen with whom he had been talking, and I knew them to be influential church men, and Democrats.

My friend said to me, "I read every word in the Blade, except the advertisements, and then send it to my son and tell him to read it the same way."

Those men said to me "How can you defend Charles Moore when you take your three drinks of whisky every day?"

I told them that was true, but that I was for you because you are right, and I am going to vote with you."

If all of these things were told in a novel or upon the stage, they would not sound natural, would they?

No, that thing about men being brought to their senses and voting against the whisky traffic after the "chickens have come home to roost," and misery has been brought into our own families, I am sorry to say, does not work like you suppose it would. It does not make them penitent. Like Ephraim they are "joined to their idols," and they seem to show that "misery loves company," and because whisky has blasted their sons, they will still vote for it, in the hope that it may blast my son and the good sons of other men so that others may not crowd over them.

I know what I am saying when I say that there are in Kentucky hundreds of men who punctiliously observe the outward forms of Christianity who would chuckle to themselves with diabolical joy, if they would only hear that one of my sons had fallen a victim to liquor.

You read in the Blade where a good man spoke of me as "casting out the whisky devil."

He spoke more wisely perhaps than he knew.

Kentucky is to-day full of men who call themselves Christians, who are just as truly "possessed of devils," as was the man of the Gadarenes spoken of in the New Testament.

That Gadarene was simply what we call "crazy," at this day. These Christian people who are voting with the Democrats and the Republicans and therefore voting for liquor, are simply crazy on the liquor question, and like all other crazy people they think any man who opposes them is crazy. If the minds of the people of Kentucky were as thoroughly unbalanced on a few other things as they are upon the liquor question, our state would be incapable of self government, and we would lapse into anarchy, if somebody else did not take care of us.

The people are literally "possessed of the devil" just as they were in New Testament times. This liquor infamy has come on us so by degrees from age to age that the people are incapable of reasoning about the enormity of it. They are, on that subject just as truly monomaniacs as many patients in the Lunatic Asylum at Lexington.

In Georgetown where I am writing there was lately pointed out to me an elegant residence that was said to have been built by a man who made the money to build it and another fine house, in the last ten years, by selling whisky at five cents a drink.

The Christian people here think that is all right, but if some Chinamen were to come here to open an opium den, these Christians would think the opium den absurd. Opium is a harmless drug compared with whisky, but there are whisky dens everywhere in the town, and walking the streets are men in poverty the results of whisky who were elegant young gentlemen of the prominent families when I was a boy.

These Christian people see it, but they still have the saloons, and are raising up another generation of the same kind.

This phenomenon can only be accounted for on the hypothesis that the people are "possessed of a devil," and are incapable of exercising ordinary good judgment.

**"Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."**

Poor Bro. Burchard is dead again, but his statement that Democracy is the party of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" is still alive and kicking.

The two most competent and exemplary men in office in Lexington are J. B. Simrall and James Headley; the first, an Alderman and the latter the Clerk of the Circuit Court. They are both Presbyterians and Christian gentlemen, and both ex-Confederate soldiers.

Simrall is a son of a Presbyterian minister deceased, who was an excellent man, and is a nephew of John C. Breckinridge.

He is perhaps the most intelligent defender of Democratic politics in Lexington. He is a druggist and is in successful business. He wanted to be mayor of Lexington. Hull Davidson, a saloon proprietor, snubbed him under so deep that St. Bernard dog could not dig him out.

Mr. Headley, like Simrall, is a model man, or as near so as a man can be who is not a Prohibitionist. He has discharged the duties of his office for years with absolute satisfaction. Now an Irish Catholic, James Rogers, wants the office, and the indications are that Mr. Headley will have to step down and out.

As an evidence that I am the personal friend of Mr. Rogers, I offer the fact that in Dog Fennel precinct where I vote, the first vote on the poll books, at the election at which Mr. Rogers was elected, is my vote for him, for sheriff; there being no Prohibition candidate.

I voted for him because I believed him a nice man, and would make a good sheriff because he had long and competently discharged the duty of deputy sheriff.

I still think him a nice and competent man, and he and his father-in-law are both patrons of my paper.

I have said before, and now repeat it that Presbyterianism is the worst religion in the world and Catholicism next; so that I can have no religious prejudice in favor of Mr. Headley and against Mr. Rogers.

I hope Rogers will beat Headley as bad as Davidson beat Simrall.

I want the people of Lexington to see that a Protestant has no political rights that a Catholic is bound to respect.

Simrall is my personal friend, and has been from boyhood, and I have patronized him exclusively in his business for years.

I am glad that Davidson beat him, because I want him and others to see that a man who does not keep a saloon has no political rights in Lexington that a saloon-keeper is bound to respect.

Next to having a true blue Prohibitionist, the best thing for Prohibition is to fill all of the offices chock full of saloon-keepers and Catholics.

The better class of Democrats will get their eyes open after a while *similia similibus curantur*, means the hair of the dog is good for the bite.

It's good medicine. A Presbyterian hates a Catholic worse than he does the devil, but the Presbyterians will grin and bear it, like that Spartan boy that had the cooh under his jacket. But it does my very soul good clear down in my boots to know how, away down in their hearts, these old will-and-you-won't-and-bet-damn-if-you-don't Presbyterians will squirm under this Headley case.

**An Infidel Man is a Little Nicer in his Judgment of my Book.**

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., Oct. 27, '91.  
MY DEAR SIR—My reader has read to me your "Rational View" of Christianity; in the main I think justly showing up the irrational discordances of the Pope's Bible, and church word of the fourth century, which never had anything to do with our proclaimed Christ word of the first century, certainly it never had any sort of authority or approval from Christ himself, or from any real Christ word now extant in the world.

I have recently dictated a little book on these points to my writer, now just through the press, a copy of which I will request my publishers to mail to you.

I approve of all attempts to clean up and clear up the real original Christ word, and your book helps on the needed expurgation.

I well knew and listened to your grandfather, that grand old man Father Stone, and to Alexander Campbell when he was here.

They both did a grand work in separating the church creed from the Pope's Bible of the fourth century; but they made no attempt to separate the real Christ words from the immense pile or deluge of church words, with which they were, in that century, totally overwhelmed. I could not therefore unite with them though I admired them. They did not go far enough. They left all the dirt and rubbish in the parlor, only somewhat piled up in heaps.

But your method seems to me to throw dirt, rubbish, furniture, goods and all out of the window.

I have adopted the other course of saving the goods and letting the dirt and rubbish go; though I confess its pile is vast and huge—the accumulation of all the apostate ages.

Can we not unite in saving enough to base our own free states, schools and institutions upon; especially as they were, I believe, born wholly out of them, and can not long exist in any other possible basis?

Please inform me how this strikes you.

Yours truly,  
J. B. TURNER.

I appreciate the compliment implied in the fact that one so evidently intelligent on the subject under discussion should have taken pains to read my book so critically and inform me of his impressions of it in so kind a manner, though he does not wholly agree with me.

But I have not as yet seen cause to reconsider any of the positions of the "Rational View." Where I touch upon questions regarding the origin of man; of the existence of a great First Cause, and of the immortality of the soul and questions german thereto, all of which are necessarily and essentially merely speculative, I have only given what were my best impressions at the time of writing and that are such to this time. All such conjectural views must be subject to continual emendation as new light is gained. But in those instances where I claim to speak dogmatically concerning what is commonly known as the "internal evidences" of the scriptures I am satisfied that my positions are irrefutable.

The argument against "plenary inspiration"—which is the only theory of inspiration worthy of consideration—which is based upon discrepancies and the quotations from the Old Testament which are applied as prophecies in the New Testament, is scarcely less defensible than a proposition in Euclid.

I know that much of what I have said in my book sounds rabid and ultra, as things sound in my paper. This is not a style adopted for the mere purpose of shocking the prejudices of others. It is thus not merely because "brevity is the soul of wit," but is done to economize the time of my readers and the expense of publication.

In nearly all the current writers on these subjects it sounds to me as if they believe more than they deem it prudent to say.

The practice of expediency I have never regarded as a very high virtue. I believe that unbiased intelligence that reads my book to-day will feel that I am right but I do not believe that it will often say so.

I believe however that my views are strictly rational and that they will be commonly received in the years after I am dead.

**Whisky gets in its work for poor Jo Mulhattan.**

Joe Mulhattan, the great Kentucky cave liar, has come to grief, as the following special from Pittsburg will show: "Joe Mulhattan, well-known throughout the country as 'Orange Blossom,' the writer of some of the most startling and marvelously untrue stories ever published by the newspapers, was arrested here to-day, charged with stealing money from Patrick O'Toole, a room-mate. O'Toole alleges that he met Mulhattan in a saloon last night, and having missed his train accepted an invitation to share Mulhattan's room for the night. When he awoke this morning Mulhattan was missing and so was his money. He reported the matter to the authorities and the accused was arrested this afternoon. He denied taking the money, but the amount said to have been taken was found in his possession. He was locked up for a hearing to-morrow.—Bourbon News.

That is a touching story to any man who ever knew Jo Mulhattan.

You never saw a nicer little gentleman than he seemed to be; was the pink of perfection in his dress and manners, as gentle as a good woman, and a man that everybody felt like being a friend to.

He was a drummer for a hardware house in Louisville. He had a fancy for writing stories for newspapers the joke of which was to have them as unreasonable as it would be possible to make them and still have them believed.

One of his best ones was an account of monkeys having been trained to break hemp in Clark county, in this state. He gave a touching account of the inhuman manner in which the monkeys were treated by the farmers.

Of course people here knew that monkeys could not break hemp, but the account elicited a hum from a lady member of a Humanitarian Society in London.

Jo's name got to be a proverb as that of a liar, but it was not understood at all to apply to his veracity. He was a friend to newspaper men, and liked to be about newspaper offices, and I have seen him go off to saloons with them when I thought his only purpose was to be a good friend to them so they would give him "puffs" that would help him and his business house.

Not a great while ago whisky put him in a lunatic asylum. Now he is in jail.

That's the way whisky is doing all the time, but everybody except a few Prohibition cranks say it's all right.

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Just What You Want:

In wool, merino and cotton Underwear for Gents.  
In wool, merino and cotton Underwear for Ladies.  
In wool, merino and cotton Underwear for Children.  
In fast black Hosiery for Ladies, Gents and Children.  
In Union Suits and Jersey-ribbed Underwear for Ladies.  
In Cloaks and Jackets for Misses and Ladies.  
In fancy Dry Goods of Every Description.

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**20c. THE DAILY COURIER JOURNAL.**

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**51 E. Main St., Lexington, Ky.**

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125 EAST MAIN STREET.

New goods are now arriving daily. Laces and embroideries are crowding our shelves from the narrowest to the widest and richest patterns. We show them in all sorts of materials. A treat for the ladies and a wholesome surprise to those who get our prices on them. No lady in Lexington, anticipating to make up Spring Underwear, Children's or Misses' Dresses of White Goods, can afford to miss examining our stock of these goods.

**Early Spring Woolen Dress Materials.**  
Novelty Suitings, the rarest and oddest of patterns, new entirely and pleasing to the eye; prices below actual anticipation, ranging from 50c to \$1 per yard. A new line of spring shades of Henriettas just opened, new colors, no change in price in spite of the additional duty on them.

**WASH GOODS.**  
Just received and put in stock a quantity of fine Zephyr Ginghams, all new patterns and coloring, modest pin stripes and checks, Scotch plaids and neat stripes. They are quoted at 30c; we have marked them at 20c per yard. A full line of dress Gingham in new designs, estimated to be worth 15c; our price is 10c.

**LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR—SPECIAL SALE.**  
Forty dozen Children's Muslin Drawers, six button holes, patent facing, at 10c a pair; worth 20c.  
Ladies' Mother Hother Hubbard Gown; good muslin, well trimmed at 55c; they are worth 85c.

Ladies' Muslin Drawers, "Fruit of the Loom" Cotton, deep hem and tucks above, 22c; worth 40c.  
Ladies' walking skirts, deep Cambrie ruffle, at 49c; worth 75c.

New Spang Hosiery for Ladies and Gents. We were fortunate in securing many cases of Ladies' Cotton, Lisle and Silk Hose, in both black and fancy, prior to the going into effect of the administrative bill, and our prices thereon will show how these early purchases benefit our customers.

Ladies' regular made fast black Hose, regular price now 35c; we still have them marked 25c.  
Ladies' black and colored Lisle Hose, worth 60c; We still offer them at 40c.

Ladies' fancy striped Cotton Hose, boot patterns, costing you now 40c; still marked at 25c.

**TOILET ARTICLES.**  
Colgate Turkish Bath Soap, a full dozen for 50c; 4711 Glycerine different sorts at 42c per box; Espey's Cream, genuine article, 20c; Vaseline, in bottles at 10c; Ammonia, for household purposes; only 10c per quart bottle.

**KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.**